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REGION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

ing a special upon which all men affect a certain attitude or their pursuit in life, however, it may be opposed to their avowed aim. For along the paths of life in pursuit of their special wish which are specially important to them, whether that pursuit may be the desire of more wealth, or the search for power, which they suppose to constitute the chief of life. To a casual observer, such men are farthest removed from any religious faith, and yet these are the men who enter the greatest ceremony into the discussion of their faith have for their aim the disestablishment of superstitions and observances, and have been riveted by ages of misdirection and belief. And why is this so? Because these very men are so alive to all aspects of life, that they believe such progressive aims are aimed particularly at those darling superstitions they have become convinced are

and their fiercer impulses have been so strong that eventually it becomes painful to them any system which shall truly show the essence of the hope to which they have dedicated the lives of the airy nothings they call them—the fruitlessness of the trust which binds them, that shall think to divide. These bitter opponents of precession, who wander without the religious element, join and reinforce the ranks of those enthusiasts and fanatics who have been taught to believe that a particular and formal belief in a set creed is of religion, and the earning of a life of grace.

[illegible]

one considers that the facts and realities are but first-known to the mass of man—then known so intimately with what the facts are so-called in—epiphany, that an almost inevitable stage and is that of a plain presentation of facts, the purpose of which can be solved by the profound thought. The elements of true thought are simple and consecutive, in accordance with the nature of the Deity, and so understanding which is essential to the world has been regarded as religion. The elements of true thought and philosophy are composed of facts, and the facts are so intimately and so understanding that the mass is utterly undistinguishable from the truth. The unknown lies on the margin.

because it is hollowed and overgrown
 - and, as we are content to believe, for
 - reasons untraced the sophistry of the
 - effort in support of it. The hollowed
 - and the lab in fear, for the upreathing
 - heart, however fallacious it may be, they
 - could by the hazy structure prostrate—
 - the fall back of the ingredient, faith. This
 - content to bind the tottering pile, most effi-
 - cient in an age of ignorance and darkness; but
 - when the light of reason is diffused, and
 - reasoning is diffused and reason becomes a
 - light, can it be what it has been? Can
 - sustained by reason, be an acceptable ex-
 -

then, is the great opponent of pro-
 - the parent of all the lightness which

authority, and against which
 when are taught they can but know, and
 teaching so is the knowledge to be pro-
 investigation. It becomes, then, their
 necessity to have clarity—to bear with
 distinct the unclear, but, above all,
 calm and moderate.
 I feel to make the above observations
 surrounding me, which has induced
 me to what is the nature of religion,
 and what are its ground works?
 me to a thinking generation—that of
 is the most vital, and this, because in
 philosophy, it is in advance of all the
 have, from time to time, shaken the
 work of science. I feel that

men have been swayed by some principle, more or less elevated, and in exact proportion to the mental culture of the masses.—It is not, therefore, a mere accident, but a necessary result, that led to an inference that this universal principle had its origin in some principle inherent in the nature of man, the action of which has been

an interior consciousness of a power or being greater than himself. In the lowest organizations of man, we find reverence for a superior being, and this, with modifications, is the framework of the religion of the most exalted.

The search into the roots of the creeds which have had, and now have existence in the world, but teaches that all have had the same origin, and reason has been obliged to admit that the basis of all religion is the intuition of the soul, which, by some interior process, forces upon the mind a consciousness that beyond this life there is another, both of which are under the presidency of some superior being. Looking still further we find a diversity of creeds, and by whatever process the mind has arrived at their distinctive features, still the same character is found pervading all. The mediator and supreme object of adoration is to be found in the perception of a principle of good and evil. In some the evil is propitiated by sacrifice, and the good simply adored. All appear to admit inspiration, or a communion with the supreme God through the agency of priests, or, as the term is, revelation. The Christians by Christ; the Mahomedans through Mohammed; the Pagans by their oracles and divinations; the Brahmins by the deity who bears three attributes, and is represented by the triple-faced image; the Fetish and other savage creeds by their priests and sacrifices.

It is but necessary here to speak generally; all students of history know the very broad generality of the religious basis. For me to discuss the manifestations of those various creeds, would be to swell to a needless length these remarks. Sufficient has been said to show that all religions have been derived from the same root, however different the application of collected facts, in each, may have been.

The creeds which now exist or have had exist-

marks or criss of human intelligence, suiting the capacities of particular races, and giving place to others, as the intelligence of the votaries and their spiritual inception has been enlarged. The wars of particular faiths have ever had a place in the annals of man, with the exception of those ages termed the pastoral, marking their track with desolation and blood, with the torch of persecution flaming in the van. Petty distinctions have been the watchwords of the war, and in the passions of man the observances due to the Deity have been engulphed. Such is the history of the past. Are we not taught to look upon the past as the time

the future? It is true we may not have the burnings and violence of the past ages, but we are bound to expect all the bitterness of opinion. The authorities of the faiths which have been dominant cannot but view the march of events which threaten to sweep the existing faiths into the gulph wherein they are sweltering in one undistinguished ruin, that which men formerly revered with bitterness, and it is to be expected they will do better for the belief they reverence, or have been taught to regard as holy mysteries. We should not wonder that they use all weapons within their reach, when argument, based upon reason, is wrested from them. Their premises have to be proved, before arguments, to be made on them, can be made available.

Assertion is the weapon the friends of progress have to encounter, not to be met by assertion, but by a reasonable showing of the fallibility or impossibility of the assertion. Reason, in all cases, is its own best weapon. Reason only made strong by facts adduced in illustration. It should be remembered that existing faiths have only become weak through false philosophies, and asserted impossibilities being engrafted on them, whereby the true fountain of religion—natural law—has been forgotten, and the fabric has become tottering, and weak, because reason has had no pedestal whereon it could rear her crest, and in the purity of her symbol repel the advances of the foe. It is not too much to assert that the religion of Jesus Christ is truthful and pure, because each

of its precepts are the purest philosophy in consonance with reason, and a direct advance in man's intellectual superiority—nor is it a heresy to say that that which the church advances as the religion of Jesus, is contrary to reason, based as it is upon the reception of impossibilities, and the contravention of all natural or reasonable sequences. That Christ lived, was impaled, and died are historical facts. That he preached a doctrine to man by which his Spiritual nature can be advanced, we also know, for we have the record. That he was seen in life after his impalement and death, we can believe, because the dead have made themselves intelligible to us—nor can we reject the works imputed to him and his followers; for we have the same three of things at

But are we to be called on to believe in a miraculous birth, and a mysterious death without proof by a belief in which alone, as it is insisted, man can be saved, and the penalty of a rejection, an eternity of torment and misery. It may be replied that the same record which narrates the facts accepted, records them also which are rejected. How easy is the answer. We know that which we see and believe, because the same things have place now with us. We accept the philosophy, because its precepts tend to advance the race of man. We do not say with him the book is closed, for he only simplified that which had been before unfolded, and announced a new era for [the human race]. He is the corner stone of the creed we would advance,

whose end and glory is the disenthralment of man from reliance upon gross superstitions, and the presentment in the Deity of a pure object for worship, with the certainty of an eternal existence when the portals of death have been passed. Because the friends of human progress would present a reasonable creed to man, are they to be condemned

ed and stigmatized as the associates of the devil? Because they reject a miserable legend which has not the merit even of being new, are they to be consigned to an eternal perdition? The Hindoo mythology, dating ages before the christian era, abounds in miraculous conceptions and other such stupendous narrations, a Jesuit missionary when reproached for the small number of proselytes he and his brethren had made, made his peace by saying how could it be expected that they could make more progress, when for every miracle, they presented as an evidence of the truth of the christian faith, a hundred much more wonderful were intruded in answer. This anecdote, if there was nothing else to be advanced, would show the fallacy of producing miracles as evidences of truth. If such was the test of truth, then that creed supported by the most monstrous imagination would be triumphant. The element of belief would be the same, for he who could have faith in an *asserted* fact not possible by the sequences of natural law, could receive any other however monstrous and absurd; the only safeguard being the gulf to be past, for the more absurd, the more liable to suspicion.

The Protestant quarrels with the Catholic, because he believes in the real presence in the sacramental elements, and which the former avers is contrary to reason, and by reason attempts to show the impossibility that the bread and wine can be by the invocation or the agency of the ceremonial be changed into the actual body and blood of Christ—although by the process of reason the Protestant attempts to ignore the belief of the Catholic yet, when reason is applied to any element of belief entertained by him, (the Protestant), and they have in their creed matters equally improbable, and equally assailable by reason;—'tis then they say that human reason is fallible, and is to be cast wholly out of the question, and the element of faith is arrayed and insisted upon, and if admitted as an argument, then invincible. Surely, it would seem if reason is to be insisted upon in one case, it should be equally efficacious in all. The particular array of words in respect to the sacrament, I am aware form parts of the argument, but the broad principle insisted upon, is that the belief is unreasonable. Such contests of faith, to my understanding, appear to be the mere splitting of straws, yet we know that these differences have lighted the fires of martyrdom, and deluded nations with blood.

If the acceptance of an impossibility is a necessary article of Religion, how is man to judge of that which is necessary for his welfare in the future life? If God is just and reasonable, for reason is an ingredient of justice, of what nature can he be, when there is no progress in future happiness, unless by the acceptance of that which man's reason, his only guide in things unseen, cannot accept. Does not this show how impossible are all creeds based on impossibilities, for man can then only attain to future happiness by ignoring his only guide. No linking of man's Spiritual nature with the eternal elements of love can beget faith, if faith consists in the acceptance of an impossibility—it were in truth, making the great and unerring being deny himself; but it were the greatest of all impossibilities to believe that possible.

A reason to be a good one, must be universal in its application. If faith is to preponderate over reason, then it would be a panacea for any doctrine however monstrous and absurd—then indeed, should we see as through a glass darkly. This scheme pursued, reduces all religions based upon miracles, or I should say, impossibilities to this point. In the contest for truth, what shall be constituted as umpire? The answer would be reason, and this by acclamation, although the world were assembled in committee. Then if reason is to be the touchstone—how, to what is it to be applied? To facts? If then the application is to be to facts, when of all the creeds by which man has been enlightened, the christian stands pre-eminent. This must be understood of christianity in its true Spiritual significance. Its facts are well attested, nay, more, are reasonable, and so, because of the light thrown upon them by the investigations and experience of the present time. If the facts of christianity was all that are presented to man for belief by the churchmen, then that which is declared at this time, by so many who were great and illustrious in bygone time, was not needed unless for confirmation—for the facts of themselves would stand shinningly forth, even as the beams of the sun in the glory of a cloudless and tropical sky.

If the Protestant church admit reason as its touchstone in their argument with the Romanist, why are the friends of progress condemned because they desire to stand upon the same platform? Is it because they have no marvels to amaze the mind, but present natural facts to the scrutiny of those who desire to investigate—a reasonable creed for the acceptance of man, founded on the boundless love of God as manifested to man in the vast riches of natural sequences? I say, no marvels unless they can be deemed such by prejudiced ignorance, for a marvel or miracle is a something which occurs but rarely, and is seen but of few—that which the ignorant deem to be our marvels, are but the common events of our experience—of the experience of all, in all ages, whose interior faculties have been quickened by the regenerating influence of the Spirit.

To the church, I would say, bear with us, and bear us. Prove our creed to be a fallacy, and we will reject it. To the friends of progress, I would say, bear with the church, for all are brethren, reason when they will reason, and do not give invective for invective, for it leadeth to strife, but above all, beware that you are sure of your facts before you present them to the world, lest you give a handle to the adversary.

In brotherhood, believe I am with you,
S. B.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Merry Christmas is with the past, and the New Year, with its joys and hopes, and promises of comfort and good, stands smiling at our thresholds. Merry Christmas, whose very name awakens to a sense of social cheerfulness—imposing hospitality as a duty, and rendering charity an obligation of the season—when all hearts expand beneath the genial rays of kindness; when friendly remembrances are given and received; when the love-gift is renewed, and friendship's offering and approbation's meed are hasted—merry, time honored Christmas, with its joyous festivity and generously-given bounties, is with the past! and, ushered in by solemn thought and prayer, a blended memory of joy and grief, the promise of a new year advances, clad in the robes of promise, enriched with many a heaven-bestowed gift, whereof to bless earth's toiling and aspiring hearts.

But there are many hearts, unblest by the
 Hopeful anticipations, the promises of the coming
 year; uncheered by Christmas offerings; unaided
 by the sympathy that blesses; unguided by the
 might divine of Hope and Faith! There are households
 where the light of joy revisits not, though
 around them the happy ones bask in the sunbeams
 of love and social gathering; there are many feasts
 when no plenteous board is spread; whose fare
 is plain and meagre; whose hearts are sore and bare;
 whose faces are worn and faded; whose hands
 are cold, and whose care-worn faces and toil-marked
 features bear the impress of bitter poverty—the listless
 and sorrow-subdued air of habitual suffering;
 the poverty, that gaunt enchanter of the soul's best
 powers, denying the utterance of high and aspiring
 thought, for the world would not hearken to its
 humble accents; that grim tyrant that points to
 the cheerless hearth and tattered raiment, while
 mockingly contrasting them with the air of luxury
 and comfort, the well-replenished fire, the imposing
 ease of the wealthy mansion opposite, and its seem-
 ingly happy occupants.

And the orphaned children, the widowed hearts
 shall they appeal in vain to the sympathies of those
 are blessed with the household joys and plenteous
 comforts? Never, while God's sunshine illumines the
 earth, can charity, his celestial messenger, fail to
 inspire *some* if not *all* hearts, to deeds of silent but
 everloving; to acts of well timed bounty, at the
 most appropriate season, when the cold without
 and the piercing winds of winter render doubly a
 creative and beautiful, the spontaneous warmth of
 human feeling, the benign influences of pity and
 charity. The tattered garment, the neglected meal
 of the child of privation, appeal to eye and heart
 and cold indeed to every ennobling emotion may
 that heart be that could resist that immediate ap
 peal to its best feelings. Forever haunted by the
 imploring gesture, must be the callous soul that
 could resist the holy impulse of beneficence; that
 could resist the sorrowing appeal of unsheathed
 infancy; the trembling accents of imploring woman
 hood, blending pride with necessity's iron rule, the
 filtering petition of unburdened old age.

There are other hearts to whom the festive season, the young year's advent, bring painful remembrances; renewal of many a sorrow; reminiscences of days gone by, when loved and kindred hearts met around the social board; when death had not invaded the family sanctuary, and the home circle was as yet unbroken; when change did not pass over the joyous spirit of anticipation, nor cold experience had breathed upon the heart's best wishes, turning their light to gloom. Then distance had not been placed between loving and communing souls, and estrangement's icy seal had not been set upon hearts that once beat in unison. World-wanderer! hope and dream on! strive by hopes shall meet realization; thy dreams flourish, if they be of love and joy unending; thy heart-formed visions shall gloriously surround thee in the fair Future Home.

There are many sorrows dwelling upon the
 beautiful earth; sorrows as deep, if not as apparent
 as the visible signs of destitution and suffering; but
 Hope, the white-winged seraph, comes to all, and
 her melodious whisperings fill every listening soul,
 and mingling with Hope's blissful promises, are the
 urgent admonitions of sympathy, to live, and strive,
 and toil for others; and in the endeavor of sharing
 and alleviating another's woe, bids us be blest!

To the guiding hand and ever-watchful heart of friendship, is the mission given of guiding tenderly the faltering footsteps of youth and inexperience to friendship matured in sorrow, and rendered heaven aspiring by earthly bereavement, is the solemn task imposed of strengthening the trembling spirit, that shrinks appalled upon the threshold of life's opening cares and bewildering tumult. To give encouragement to the timidity that fears a comrade's world's harsh reproofs, to infuse its own dauntless energy, and world-defying love of truth, to the undisciplined soul; to awaken to a sense of high and holy duty, the despondency that believes in no future brightness, to assuage the mourner's pangs of bereavement, is friendship's holy mission. To spread the inspiring banner of Hope before the tear-dimmed eyes, with its golden motto of "Ever onward in the right," to the gaze riveted upon a gloomy past; to pour the balm of consoling and well-tempered words upon the anguished heart, and to prove to the doubting spirit that Faith and Truth yet abide on earth.

There is the phantom form of Fear invading the tranquil homestead and the peaceful heart; feigning many a shape, appearing in many a guise. There is the fear that trembles at the aspect of worldly power; the terror of the worldly great exceeding the fear of wrong, the dread of oppression. There is the moral cowardice, that fear to proclaim a new and startling thought, though that thought

be the inspired messenger of a heavenly mandate. There is the fear of forsaking the beaten path of prejudice marked out by time-honored tradition though unsanctioned by reason, unacknowledged by perceived truth, rendered customary by association and habit. Then there is the blinding influence of wealth, the haunting cares that beset its pathway; there is the intoxication of fame, the giddy elevation of the world's honored and applauded idols. From all this, oh! world-experienced, heaven-directed soul, warn with friendly admonition, guide with leading example, the less experienced, the timid or the erring; proclaim the never-ending delights of virtue; the sweet, even earth-fell rewards of a useful life; and depict, oh soul rendered eloquent by sorrow, and self-earned recognition of the true path, the hallowed blessing of a pure and humble spirit; the false attractions of a life without a high and holy aim; to enhance the beautiful fulfillment of duty; to portray the ever-enduring pleasure of fulfilled obligations; to realize truth and purity, sympathy and usefulness as earth's adorning gems, is woman's loveliest mission, man's highest prerogative; to warn, to counsel and to guide, along life's thorny pathway—an angel's ministry.

To those whom sorrow for the so-called dead, has rendered insensible to the beauty, dwelling yet as ever, upon the earth—tell them thou hast attained to the knowledge, through sorrow and bereavement, hast thyself been led to "the light" that there are no "*dead*," that their loved ones *live*, in a land of perpetual Spring, exempted from the trials and disappointments, the regrets and racking cares of earthly life. Strive thou who hast once been thyself a mourner, to arouse them from the unavailing stupor of a groundless sorrow; tell them that their loved ones, if of the "good and pure of earth," are supremely blest; and if enshrouded by the darkness of error, their awakened Spirits shall ultimately behold the right, and attain to the glories of that Upper World. Bid them wipe away the selfish tears, and lay aside the sombre garb that mocks an angel's felicity; and cease the discontented repinings, that would retain for care, and doubt, and trial, the freed and happy Spirit, rejoicing in the birth of Immortality—that earthly language has mislabeled death!

Believer in the consoling doctrines of Spiritualism—thou, who hast cast aside and forever intercourse—the teachings of creed and form, be thine the determination of proving, by example, the heavenly fruits of a belief, its opposers denounce as of satanic origin. Let the New Year smile upon the endeavors of thousands of noble hearts, and enthusiastic souls, aspiring to the attainment of angel attributes to the extension of a creed for humanity, a religion that blesses and purifies, and closes not its gates upon earth's lamest and vilest beings. And, if thy fervent prayers of one heart be of avail, the coming year will give realization to many an, until now unavailing hope; and ridicule and sarcasm cease their vain attempts of misrepresenting as frivolous or false, the angel messages from higher worlds.

the bands of sympathy binding the human earth
struggling soul to kindred and immortal Spirit.
The true believer in progression, and ultimate per-
fection, will not pass by an erring brother with
scornful lip and careless eye. The heart to which
a Spirit mother's messages of love and remem-
brance come fraught with internal conviction of
truth, will give sympathy, aid and human pity
even to the degraded wretch, the habitual inebri-
ate; the soul darkened by vice, who has obscured
the brightness of the intellectual gem—the gift of
moral worth—by the excesses of sin. Perhaps the
tear moistening the eye that bewails a fellow-being
degradation, may set in motion the long unstrid-
ing fountains of repentant feeling, and leave the "puni-
ment" dwelling, a heavenly basis, in every heart
and to the word and look of kindness may a Spirit's
moral regeneration owe its commencement; a wail

ing from the apathy of wrong and despair. An-
thou, lovely maiden, honored wife, and loving
mother, oh! pass not by, with soul-chilling glance
thy fallen sister. "Speak gently to the erring,
and arrogate not to thyself superior virtue or attain-
ments, for thou art blest and untempted. Judge
not, condemn not, oh fellow-mortal; but pity, suc-
cor and praise! Ye, blest with fortune's gifts and
household joys, hailing the New Year as the com-
mencement of another era of life's continued festi-
val, rejoice not alone; give of the good bestowed
upon, and of the good that is within you, to those
less favored, less endowed. And while the fire
burns cheerfully, the hospitable board is spread,
the social sounds of merriment arise—renew your
vows to heaven, for the obedience to its mandates.
Here to do good to all; to bless and to forgive,
and to strive with untiring endeavor for the eleva-
tion of the Spirit; the subjugation of every mortal
weakness. And may the Spirits of the loved be
with you; and a happy, peaceful, and holy Spirit
pervade your thoughts on the New Year.

PHILADELPHIA: *New Year's Eve.*

THE ORIGIN OF SPIRIT.—No Man on Earth or in Heaven can fully comprehend God, and consequently must ever ascend toward a higher and broader field of Light Celestial.

Spirit entereth the bowels of earth innocent. It is fresh from Jehovah's presence. It is an emanation of his Intelligence, destined to eternally exist—a Being. It cometh down in answer to a prayer, and taketh up its load of flesh to battle back its way to Heaven.

All Spirit emanateth from the same source. Yet it enters numberless habitations, and cometh forth in different degrees of intelligence and love—in different grades of comprehension; but is still in affinity with the Source whence it came.

From the New England Spiritualist.
SPIRITUALISM NOT INIMICAL TO CHRISTIANITY.

LETTER TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec., 1855.

MY DEAR —: When I was last with you we had, as you will remember, much conversation about the new class of spiritual phenomena which have attracted so much attention during the last several years. While fully admitting its (extra-mundane) spiritual origin,—and that, too, upon an acquaintance with much less evidence than had been required fully to satisfy *my own mind* on that point,—you nevertheless seemed inclined to regard this most remarkable acquisition of our times as not only wholly useless, but as even likely to prove in the highest degree *injurious* to man's best interests. The reason you assigned for so strange a belief,—namely, "that you regarded Modern Spiritualism as inimical to Christianity," would indeed, *if it were itself defensible*, amply justify your conclusion. For no one, who duly appreciates the importance to mankind of the prevalence of a pure Christianity, could do otherwise than apprehend evil from the increasing popularity of anything believed to be radically inimical to it. The whole difference between us, then, on this interesting and (as I think) truly important subject, arises from the opposite answers we think we see reason to give to this important test question concerning it, namely: "Is modern Spiritualism inimical to a pure Christianity?"

Now that the blinding haste and heat of our late *oral* controversy has subsided, and our minds have had time to open themselves again to the "still small voice" of Truth,—most often unheard amidst the heats of undiscerning passion, the quakings of superstitious fear, and the whirlwinds of sectarian bias,—were it not well candidly and dispassionately to reconsider the *grounds* of the respective opinions then advanced? Believing that *such* re-consideration of the subject cannot but be profitable to us both, I shall endeavor, in a few friendly letters, to examine the grounds on which *your* opinion rests, hoping that you will feel free to do the same by *mine*. For though, as an old aphorism asserts, "it is *revelation* to take lessons even from a *fox*" ("fas est etiam a hoste doceri,") how much more *gratifying* will it be to receive them from a friend! Let us, then, discarding, as much as possible, all conventional and sectarian bias, enter at once upon the proposed inquiry: remembering, meanwhile, the wise caution contained in that profound observation of Coleridge that ("I quote from memory") "He who begins by loving the Bible better than the Truth, will presently find himself loving his particular set better than the Bible, and will be like to end by loving his *set* better than either."

It will, of course, be evident to you (who admit the extra-mundane spiritual origin of the phenomena) that if Modern Spiritualism,—or spirit-ism,—for I here use the two terms as synonymous,—be deemed inimical to Christianity, it must be so on one (or both) of these two grounds, viz.:

I. Because the simple act of holding intercourse with *any* disembodied spirit is forbidden by Christianity; or

II. Because the *character* of the spirits communicating is *invariably* such that more evil than good *must* arise from conversing with them.

We will consider each of these assumptions separately, and in their respective order.

As regards the first, if the simple act of conversing with *any* disembodied spirit be deemed to be forbidden by Christianity, it must be either (1.) because it is thought to be forbidden by the *letter* of the primitive Christian records, or else (2.) because it is deemed inconsistent with their *spirit*. These two smaller, as well as those larger, divisions of the subject, seem to demand a separate consideration.

Concerning the former, then, it is well to observe in the first place, that *it is only the primitive Christian records, or New Testament*, “*without note or comment*,” that can be claimed by any Protestant *to have authority in the case*. Were you and I Romanists, my dear A—, the case would indeed be different. For then we should admit the ancient traditional interpretations of our sect, and the present current belief of its clergy, as authorized to furnish for us the sense of these primitive records, and so, virtually, to control our belief and conduct. But all such dictation *we*, as Protestants, repudiate. We claim the right to read and to interpret the Christian Scriptures, individually, for ourselves, and so, of course, to *adopt* whatever interpretation of them seems the most *reasonable*, whether they shall agree, or disagree, with the present current belief of the Protestant clergy, or with the traditional or creed-embodied interpretations of our particular sect. I trust, therefore, that in the present inquiry we shall allow the latter to have no weight with us any farther than they are seen to be supported by conclusive evidence; and that we shall regard the former *as what in truth it is*—that is to say, as mere *the* opinion of so many illable mortals like ourselves, better educated, (it may be,) but from their very position, *peculiarly liable to sectarian bias on such a topic as the present*; and therefore as being an opinion properly to be regarded, in this case, *with peculiar distrust*.

The second point, my dear A —, to which I wish especially to direct your attention, is the fact that it is only the *Christian* (or *New Testament*) Scriptures which can consistently be claimed, by any professed disciple of Christ, as having any binding authority in the case. Do you doubt this, and incline to favor the too common assumption that the *Jewish* (or *Old Testament*) Scriptures are also binding upon us—us, who are not Jews but Gentiles professing to be disciples not of Moses but of the Christ? Before you venture to assent to so

For, *whatever it may have been that was prohibited by the Jewish Code under the name of "consulting with familiar spirits," it was an inseparable part of that long list of prohibitions and penalties which contain (among many others) the following: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."* (Exod. 22: 18.) "Neither shalt thou countenance a poor man in his cause." (Ibid. 23: 3.)—"A man or a woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, *shall* surely be put to death. *They shall stone them with stones.*" (Lev. 20: 27.) "Ye shall therefore put difference between clean beasts and unclean, and between unclean fowls and clean." (Ibid. 20: 25. Compare Acts 11: 6-9.) "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards." (Lev. 19: 31.) "Ye shall not eat anything with the blood, *neither shall ye use enchantment.* Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shall thou mar the corners of thy beard." (Ibid. 19, 26, 27.) "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath day." "Whosoever doeth work therein *shall be put to death.*" (Exod. 35: 2, 3.) "Ye shall eat no manner of fat." (Lev. 7: 23.) "If a man cause a blemish in his neighbor, as he hath done so shall it be done unto him: breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, &c." (Lev. 24, 19, 20.) Compare Matt. 5: 38, 39.)—"If thy brother . . . or thy son, or thy daughter, or thy wife of thy bosom, or thy friend who is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, 'Let us go and serve other gods' . . . *thou shalt surely kill him. . . thy hand shall be first upon him to put him to death. . . and thou shalt stone him with stones that he die.*" (Deut. 13: 6-10.) "Ye shall not eat of the camel, the hare, or the swine." (Lev. 11: 8.)—"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him will not hearken unto them . . . all the men of the city shall stone him with stones, that he die." (Deut. 21: 18-21.)—"Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee." (Lev. 19: 19.) "If thou shalt hear say in one of thy cities, 'Certain men . . . have withdrawn from the inhibitions and laws of the Lord our God, and say, we will not obey, saying, Let us go after other gods . . . then shalt thou inquire . . . and behold if it be truth and certain . . . thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly, and all that is therein.' (Deut. 13: 12-15.)

Now if any professed disciple of the Christ can be found in this nineteenth century, so inflated as to claim that we Gentiles are bound to comply with all the requisitions of the Jewish Code (including those just quoted, and many others of a like sort) such a person may at least claim the merit of consistency (so far as these several prohibitions are concerned), though hardly, and perhaps not even in sense. But he may also claim that, while he cannot disavow all of them, and, indeed, expressly dissuaded by Jesus himself from obeying some of them, we are, however, bound to observe others of them, (including those supposed to prohibit intercourse with departed Spirits), although they are re-affirmed neither by enlightened reason nor by the Christian (i. e. New Testament) Scriptures—whoever would show such a position, I say, must do it in defiance both of all common sense, and of all consistency also.

And not only so. He must also do it in direct defiance of the earnest and oft repeated remonstrances of Christ's Apostles. For Paul declares: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law" (Gal. 3: 13). For this many of the Gentiles have taken on the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them." (Gal. 3: 10.) "For I testify against you, to every one that is circumcised, [i. e. to every Jew] that he is a debtor to do the whole law." (Gal. 5: 3.) If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of the Gentiles, *why compellst them the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?*" (Gal. 2: 15.) And in that interesting book of memoirs which narrates the Acts of the Apostles, we read: "Then rose up certain of the sect of the Pharisees who believed [i. e. embraced Christianity], saying, that it was needful to circumcise them, and to command them to keep the law of Moses." But Peter said: "Why unburden ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? (Acts 15: 5, 10) And of this same yoke Paul says: "Be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. For brethren, ye have been called unto liberty." (Gal. 5: 1.)

I say, Walk in the spirit . . . But if ye be led by the spirit, ye are not under the law." (Gal. 3: 1, 18, 16, 18.) And elsewhere he says: "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster [or rather, as it should have been translated, 'conductor'] to bring us to Christ . . . But, after that faith is come, we are no longer under the schoolmaster [or rather 'the conductor'], having been handed over by him to Christ, who is the schoolmaster." (Gal. 3: 24, 25.) And elsewhere he bursts out into these impassioned remonstrances: "O foolish Galatians! who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth? . . . Now turn ye again to the law and the beggarly chains [namely the Jewish law] whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage?" (Gal. 3: 1.)

I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain!" (Gal. 3: 1; 4: 9, 11.)

And so we might go on by the hour quoting from the Christian Scriptures passages of a similar import, and clearly showing that, in the opinion of their authors, the Jewish Code (or Mosaic Law) never was, and never could be binding upon Christians, and that the contrary supposition was entirely unworthy of any one claiming the Christian name.

But even this is not all. For it may easily be shown that it was never (before the days of Judaism) binding upon any of the Jews themselves, *imposed to be binding upon any but Jews* (either by birth or by conversion to Judaism), and thus upon no Gentiles *whither, whether Christian or heathen, whether living after Christ, or before.* And very few passages will sufficiently illustrate this well-known fact. Thus in Exodus 19: 3, 6, we read: "And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel: Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, &c. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, . . . then ye shall be a peculiar treasure to me above all people, &c. . . These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel!" Also Exodus 23: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 4

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

This attack is by a clergyman, (who is presumed to be of the Episcopal faith,) and is characterized by all the acrimony and abuse which the clergy of most denominations, and especially of that, never fail to regard as a mammoth sin—as “a blasphemous iniquity.”

Although the article is evidently labored, extending over some twenty pages, it is a miserable abortion—full of confused ideas, thrown together without “rhyme or reason,” and proving nothing but the ignorance, bigotry and vindictiveness of the author, who not only admits that he knows nothing of the subject about which he writes and which he broadly and unfeelingly condemns, but his unwillingness to enquire lest he be polluted by its foul touch.

Under these circumstances we should not feel called upon to reply, did we not apprehend that silence on our part would by the superficial enquirer be regarded as an acknowledgement of the truth of his assertions, or as an admission of our inability to meet his broad denunciations, his weak and puerile arguments.

It is this consideration, coupled with a resolution long since taken to defend this great and glorious subject from all rude attacks, however formidable or insignificant, that induces us to devote a little time to reply.

We pity the man who dare not investigate any subject that is presented to the mind, and we more than pity him who assumes to condemn without examination.

That we may be the better understood, we premise a few general propositions, as to which nearly all will agree.

First: Progress is the order of nature, and is stamped upon every thing animate and inanimate.

Second: The five senses were given to man to be employed for his protection and usefulness, and he was endowed with the faculty of reason, that he might the better understand his duty towards God and his fellow man—that he might the better understand the material world around him, its constitution and uses, and that by the employment of this faculty he might elevate and improve his own destiny. These faculties to be useful must be employed.

In addition to the teachings of the great Book of Nature, God has unveiled His purposes in the Providences of History and made known His Will, through the Life, Teachings and Death of Jesus Christ. The former cannot lie, nor will they admit of but one construction. The latter is equally infallible, when their truths are ascertained. Both teach—the former by analogy, and the latter by *positive fact*—the immortality of the soul. To the Spiritual facts and teachings in the Life of Jesus and his Apostles, is Christendom alone indebted for a belief in immortality—or rather *we are indebted*—until Spiritualism confirmed their teachings.

In those days miracles were wrought and Spiritual manifestations were made. All this the reviewer believes. But he says, to quote his own language, “The Bible is God’s word, and it is His final revelation; therefore Spiritualism is not of God—therefore it is of the devil.” This is a *non sequiter*. This is, indeed, a most singular mode of reasoning, if reasoning it may be called.

It is in the first place *assumes* conclusions drawn from the Scriptures, which he ultimately and elaborates false issues. He, spider-like, spinning his web and reasoning within the circle his crudities have thus sophistically formed.

There is one thing, however, that he does admit broadly and unqualifiedly, and that is, that these preternatural manifestations are made, but insists they are of the Devil!

Now this we humbly conceive is an admission of all we claim, for if evil spirits have the power of re-visiting the earth, it is preposterous to pretend that the same power is withheld from the Spirits of the just made perfect.

We will not pause here to discuss the identity, the bodily existence of his devilship, as claimed by the reviewer; this would be to impeach the intelligence of the age, but for the sake of the argument will admit his existence. What then? What does Spiritualism teach? For “by their fruits ye shall know them,” is a mark of unerring wisdom.

Spiritualism, to most of its advocates, teaches the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, a state of future rewards and punishments, the plan of salvation taught by Jesus Christ, and they adopt this divine injunction as the rule of “religious faith and practice,” to “love God with all the heart, soul and strength, and our neighbor as ourself.” These are the teachings of Spiritualism, and surely it must be a very good devil that teaches such doctrines. As well might the reviewer himself be called a *devil* for accepting and preaching them.

The reviewer admits that the power is given to bad Spirits to return to earth, but denies that the Spirits of the just made perfect can do so. A strange anomaly in God, to give to the Spirits of darkness a power that He would withhold from His angels of light. To give to the devil a power of enjoyment, which He would deny to His angels!

Was it good or bad Spirits, that saluted Saul on his way to Tarsus, that rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of Jesus, that opened the prison door and broke the shackles of Peter—that at the Transfiguration appeared in the semblance of Moses and Elias, conversed with Christ and were seen by the apostles, that wrestled with Jacob, and that Jacob saw ascending and descending on the ladder from Heaven; that warned Joseph and Mary to flee to Egypt with the infant Jesus—that appeared to Zacharias, foretelling the birth of John; that appeared to Lot, warning him of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorah? In all these and innumerable other instances in which the Bible abounds, were they good or evil Spirits?—were they saints or devils? As to these interrogatories, but one answer can be given.

What then, does faith in Spiritualism require? Why, simply and only this, that miracles are now being wrought, and Spiritual manifestations are now being made, as they were wrought and made during the time of Christ and his apostles—this, is all that Spiritualism claims.

But the reviewer says, this would be a new Gospel, that before this can be claimed, the necessity of new manifestations must be established. This, we humbly conceive, is begging the question.—With the designs, the motives of God, we have nothing to do.

But the reviewer says, that the Bible and its teachings are a finality. For the sake of the argument, we grant it, what then? Spiritualism does not alter, but confirms its teachings. It does not add one jot or tittle to the teachings of that Holy Book. As well might it be said, that the reviewer's own preachings were sinful, because he sought to illustrate and enforce its sacred doctrines. The teachings of Spiritualism properly understood, are in strict accordance with the precepts of the Bible, and much more reliable than the teachings of the Clergy, no two of whom, of different denominations agree in doctrinal points, in matters of faith and which, some of them at least, hold as essential to salvation.

Instead of entering into this wicked crusade against Spiritualism, the Clergy should hail its re-appearance, its manifestations through miracles and clairvoyance, &c., as an old and powerful ally and co-worker with them in the great business of preparing souls for the joys of a never ending eternity. Such was the original object as proclaimed in the Scriptures, and so were they regarded by Christ and His apostles, and surely it is safe to follow in their footsteps.

That evil Spirits as well as good have the power of revisiting the earth is admitted, but by adopting the test given by the Savior himself, viz: that "the tree is known by its fruits," the influence of evil Spirits is rendered harmless to those who seek the truth. But let us return to some of the general propositions which we laid down at the commencement of the article.

"Progress is the order of nature, and is stamped on every thing animate and inanimate." This law is immutable, and has no exception but in God himself. This being so, the reasoning faculties being given us that we may perceive our duty to God and our fellow man, what becomes of the finality, the limit which the reviewer would attach to the aspirations and longings of the soul? Everything else stamped with progress, and yet the immortal soul, that jewel of inestimable value in comparison with which millions of worlds of inanimate matter sink into insignificance is to remain stationary—*—it alone is to be circumscripted by a finality—* by limits beyond which it cannot go, and into which it must not enquire!

To use an *elephant* expression of the reviewer, "out upon such tom-foolery and nonsense."

We are required to believe the word of God according to the teachings of the Clergy, when out of the great number of different sects of Christians, no two of them agree, and yet by these we are not permitted to believe the evidences of our own senses, or the convictions of our reason given and authorized to us by an All-wise Creator for the construction of our faith and the regulation of our conduct.

This is requiring rather too much for the nineteenth century. Thank God! the chains which have bound down the human mind, during the long night of mental darkness, has been broken! Men will think, will examine, and will reason for themselves; and will proclaim their belief, notwithstanding the anathemas of the clergy, and the denunciations of the press; and they will be heeded, notwithstanding the "song of the charmer, charm be never so wisely." Depend upon it, men will not surrender the evidences of their own senses, and the convictions of their own minds, to the bigotry and superstition of the day. Why people (especially the clergy) should war upon Spiritualism, is to us most unaccountable. Its objects are most benign. It seeks to enlighten and purify the whole family of man; to clear his mental and moral vision; elevate the *entire* man, and prepare him for a blessed immortality. And such have been its fruits.

In addition to more than three millions of believers in the United States, it numbers among its converts more than twenty-five thousand professed infidels; some of whom are presumed to be in the reviewer's own vicinity—whom the teachings of the bible, and efforts of the clergy, in vain sought to arrest or control; and who, renouncing their infidelity, now openly proclaim their faith in all the cardinal doctrines of God's word and providence.

Did we feel at liberty to assign motives to our heavenly Father for these dispensations, this would alone be quite sufficient.

Theological schools have been established for the education of the clergy; missionaries are sent abroad to proclaim the great and glorious truths of salvation. The pulpit and the press respond with complaints of their inability to supply laborers in this great cause; and yet, when Spiritualism, with its army of teachers, tenders its services, it is spited upon, scoffed at and rejected. We repeat, that this to us is most unaccountable, not to say unchristian-like and wicked. To reject that very aid for which they have so long sought and prayed, and which they deemed indispensable to their efforts, because that aid did not come in the form and manner they expected and required. Is that "Othello's occupation is gone?"

Thus it was with the people of Israel, who rejected the Saviour of mankind because He did not come in the form and manner which they had prescribed. Let them read their own doom in the history of that obstinate and rebellious race. Forty years in the wilderness will scarcely atone for their high and heaven-daring perverseness, bigotry, infidelity and sin.

But, rely upon it, that with or without the sanction of the clergy, Spiritualism will do its work. In the Spirit and after the method of the "still small voice," it will move steadily and quietly on, until it shall have accomplished its high and holy mission; until the whole family of man shall have been brought within its embrace; until a millennial day shall burst upon a benighted universe, and the historian of after years will point an astonished world to the infidels of this day in Spiritualism, with deeper condemnation than do the scriptures to the offending and disbelieving Jews; for these have the accumulated lights of eighteen centuries, and the revelations of modern Spiritualism, to guide them.

We have already spent much more time in this reply than we intended, and now dismiss it with a single word of advice to the reviewer; and that is, that in future he *examines* before he *condemns*; and that in such examination, he consults his reason and Christian obligations, instead of blind and bigoted prejudice.

REV. THOS. L. HARRIS'S NEW WORK.—Having already published many long extracts from this "Poem" Br. Harris's largest and best, we may be excused a critical notice of the work in directing attention to it, as we simply wish to inform the friends, "the book is out" and for sale.

All orders sent to this office will be promptly attended to, and filled at the shortest notice, pp. 584.

By reference to A. C. McC.'s communication in another column, it will be perceived that *dark Circles* are apt to have objectionable phases as well as extraordinary manifestations. We have not time, however, to separate the "wheat from the chaff," or write of this phase of Spiritualism as of importance, or the place it fills in modern manifestations, deserves. Still, it may be well to remind the investigator of the necessity of *caution*, for he owes to himself as well as the public to see to the *best* of his *ability*, that collusion nor delusion is either accepted or practiced by those composing the Circle.

This *caution* may by unnecessary to the extreme critic and the carping skeptic, as these parties are sufficiently prone to be exacting in their demands and dogmatic in their conclusions.

Nor so the Spiritualist, for he too often, although honest and thoughtful in his investigations, is prone to a foregone conclusion, and therefore liable to partiality, if not bias. This the world knows, and hence the *necessity* for Spiritualists to be cautious and *thorough* in their investigations, if their testimony is to have any weight for this or after ages. The true of the manifestations in general, but especially the true is it of the manifestations and developments of *all dark Circles*. We say this after due reflection and proper investigation, for no amount of *plausibility* will convince the intelligent skeptic that *darkness* is to be *preferred* to light, without *reasons* there and then developed, are either evil or low character.

Still, we believe in common with most Spiritualists, that Spirits have and do communicate in the circles, but this *conclusion* should not be made to cover all kinds of extravagances and excesses that may be developed, and are from time to time exhibited in them. Nor should the true Spiritualist shrink from saying the *plain* word, when he is convinced there is imposition associated with the manifestation, for if this *stern* duty is lost sight of, imposition and imposture will be sure to take advantage of the weakness, and degrade the manifestations into tricks of jugglery and necromancy.

We are more earnest in urging this duty, as the same cannot be far off, when it will be necessary for Spiritualists to say, what will and *will not* be considered as satisfactory evidence for the presence and manifestation of Spirits, for while we write these developments have been made in the Davenport circle in this city, which throw doubt and suspicion over the general manifestations of the Circle. If these, we will not make note at present, as we shall return to the subject, when we are thoroughly prepared to tell the *truth*, the whole truth, as far as possible, *nothing but the truth*.

FANATICISM.

Last week we made a note of the murder of Mr. News by Sly, since when other deeds of blood have been perpetrated with insane and brutal coarseness in the same city. We should *not*, however, make note of this, or call attention to the subject, were it not, that some of the secular press are again at their old tricks and misrepresentation. Thus the *State Capital Fact*, heads an account of Matthews' murder with "Spiritual Fanaticism," and declares the "fanatics" belonged to a "Circle," thus laying in the strongest manner, that these deeds of blood are to be laid at the door of Spiritualism.

It may be the editor of the *Fact* is in *affinity* with the *N. Y. Herald*, and got his information that sheet, in which case all is explained. Still, we wish to remind the reader, there is a *fanaticism* in *misrepresentation*, that too often begets deeds of violence and crime, which scandalize society and horrify the mind. We remind him of every earnest and honest man should *protest* against the abuse of the press and the circulation of these reports, be the subject matter what it may. However, any person or party is to be made responsible for these murders, let the responsibility be laid at the door or on the altar of the Sectarianism of New Haven, which for years has been sending forth its theological fanatics and bigots to darken counsel and pervert the mind. And let the discriminating reasoner ask, if this is the *fruit*, which must the nature of the tree be, which for so many years has been growing and sowing seed in the city?

It is very probable the theological partisans of New Haven may attempt to shift the burden of these fanatical murders onto others, although the deeds of these crimes have been planted for many years, and ripened under their own observation.

We think so, for within a few days, a mob has collected with the intention of breaking up a small Spiritual Circle, which for a few months had been formed in that city.

It may be, however, that these murders are the latest developments of a history, the unfolding of which will amaze the world, as these revelations of religious fanaticism and theological frenzy blend with, and outline the "student life" in New Haven.

"EXTREMES MEET."

This, like all *pet* sayings and popularisms, has a weak as well as its strong side, and has, therefore, been considered *paradoxical* by the knowing ones at times, that has already *worked* so many wonders, causing the objection to be forgotten, if indeed it is not already obsolete. It is now, however, our statement of fact to say "extremes meet," for it is abundantly illustrated in physics, morals, and practical life. In physics we *know* that *extreme heat* and *extreme cold* produce the same effect, since both *destroy* life. In morals *extreme innocence* and *extreme depravity* are alike insensible to shame, for both deny *refining* the mind for moral perception and Spiritual discernment. Perhaps this simple statement may furnish the key by which the thoughtful may unlock many of the brazen absurdities and extreme inconsistencies of practical life. Take the following as an illustration:—

"A highly respectable Quaker in New York, has been disowned by the Hicksite Friends in that city, because he had purchased a piano-forte and had the same in his house in Madison street. The disavowal was sustained by the yearly meeting. There he said to be about forty families in that city liable to the same charge."—*Ex.*

A Boston paper gives the following, which may be taken as the counterpart of the above extreme:

"The bellows of the great organ in Tremont Temple, Boston, are worked by steam. So wretchedly are going to be relieved of the work of raising God. We have not even to turn a crank to grind our praise, but invoke the aid of steam power. What would Fulton say could he look into the Temple and see that the variable steam with which he propelled his boat up the North River employed to drive an organ in praise of God?"

Quakerdom, from long habits of abstinence, has become insensible to the charms of music, while Christendom is suffering the consequences of excessive fasting and repetition, both tending towards Spiritual death, and the total abstinence and *gluttony* end in the destruction of life.

Had we the room we might illustrate these *contradictions* and practical excesses in a great variety of names. As it is, we wish the reader to make his

In all cases, let it be observed, that as the heart is in the centre of the body, so is the medium between extremes the true path that leads to health, wealth and length of days. And this, be it remembered, is as true in Spiritual as in natural things, for all truthful and just action tends towards and fraternizes with "the true, the beautiful, and the good."

REV. JNO. PIERPONT AND THE BEARD

This gentleman has been so long and deservedly known to fame, that it was with marked surprise we learned that, during the delivery of his poem of the "Golden Calif," at the Hope Chapel, a few evenings since, he said all manner of silly and foolish things against the wearing of the beard. Why he should make this issue on the developments of the age, and seek to vulgarize one of the "institutions" of nature, is to us a marvel, when we remember he chanted the praise of Spurzheim, and called him "Nature's priest," for teaching and obeying the "laws" of his Creator.

Now, if it was wisdom to teach these laws, surely cannot be folly to live them.

We are reminded, however, that in these days of popular candidature and poem reading, it is expected that the candidates for public favor and lycæum preferments, "hit off" the fashionable follies of the times—as thousands wear the beard and moustache to be seen of men, without regard to principle, or the uses they were designed to fill in the human economy. This lampooning and caricaturing, therefore, may be considered by Mr. Pierpont as practical wisdom; but the world's experience pronounces it practical folly, and conventional twaddle for satire and ridicule have never corrected the excesses of life, or regulated the extravagances of fashion.

The truth, however, is, that Mr. Pierpont, in company with the Revs. E. H. Chapin, Henry W. Beecher, Starr King, and others, think the CHANGING of fashion are legitimate subjects for ridicule and burlesque; and consequently beneath the dignity of an inquiry into the nature and tendency of the change; since that would be philosophic and scientific, and therefore "unministerial."

We say "in company with," for one and all of these gentlemen have had something to say against wearing the beard and moustache. A sorry blenching enough of the sublime and the ridiculous, when we remember how *tenacious* these gentlemen are of church observances; and of what "stuff" these observances are made. A sorry picture, indeed, when these *reverend* gentlemen ridicule the productions of Nature, and caricature a fashion instituted by the All Wise Father, that conventionalism might be approbated and made satisfied with its hollow and unnatural mannerisms.

Very different, however, would be the results of their labors, did those gentlemen give lectures on the philosophy of wearing the beard; for then they would be the educators of the mind, and, ere many years, the correctors of public opinion. Were *their practice*, as it is *their duty*, they would soon be able "to hold the mirror up to nature," and show the age the express image and loveliness of her offices and institutions; thus making themselves the true glass of fashion, and the "observers of all observers."

As it is, they are atheistical in logic; irreverent in character; impious in example; and inconsistent with their honored antecedents in bible times and modern history—when thus making war on the beard.

This must be obvious to the reader, when he remembers the custom of the Jews; the example of the Patriarchs and Prophets, and the fashion of Jesus and his Apostles.

And, that the reader may thoroughly appreciate this modern ecclesiastical warfare on nature, we subjoin the following extract from *Notes and Queries*, as it contains *multum in parvo*:

"When the episcopal wig came in fashion, it would seem that the beard was no longer worn by clergymen. In looking over a collection of prints we find Wickliffe, William Tydale, Dean Donne, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, Robert Burton, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Spotswood, Thomas Fuller, Usher, the Primate, and Knox South, all using the moustache; as did John Kiersey Bunyan. The Jesuits in India, we believe, still wear it. We have been unable to trace the latest instance of a clergyman wearing his gown and cassock in the streets; the custom apparently died out in the reign of one of the early Georges."

A TEST FACT TO BE DISPOSED OF.

The following fact, although a few months after date, can hardly fail of interesting the mind and awakening thought, as it is one of that large class which has placed at defiance all hypothesis and explanations that does not involve Spirit agency. It appeared in the *Spiritual Universe*, September 22d.

"A short time since, our whole neighborhood was in the most intense excitement caused by the sudden disappearance of a wealthy and respectable young lady, about eighteen years of age. She was last seen on the bank of the river, near her father's residence, and the opinion generally prevailed that she had met with an untimely death in the swift, and then maddened waters of the Tuscarawas river. A search was immediately instituted but was of no avail.

About one week after this occurrence, a few friends met at my house, and we resolved to pass away the evening by conversing with Spirits. The first Spirit that responded to the call, was Miss —, the young lady who had so mysteriously disappeared. In answer to the questions How she came into the Spirit-land, and what was she doing, she said: "About one year since, I became acquainted with a young man who, some months after our acquaintance, proposed marriage. I thought him sincere, and my flesh being weak, and my passions almost ungovernable, I was deceived—my virtue yielded to his base purposes, and I was ruined forever. He left the country—leaving me to lead a life of remorse and shame. An hour before my death, I gave birth to a beautiful and lovely daughter. I preferred death to my disgrace and the sorrow I would bring upon my parents should they know my true fate. I determined to destroy myself and infant; and accordingly tied the infant to my body, plunged into the river, and sunk to rise no more. Our bodies are lying close to the spot where I was last seen, lodged against the projecting roots of a large tree."

Strange as it may appear, the bodies were found the day after, in the place stated, the infant being held tightly in the death grasp of the guilty mother. The medium wrote down the statement of the Spirit, in a very legible hand, notwithstanding the pen glided over the paper so swiftly that the eyes could scarcely follow it.

This is the strangest case I ever heard of, and many in this vicinity, who have heretofore been inclined to doubt the truth of the phenomena, are now convinced that it is a reality. The Spirit also

Port Washington, June 22, 1855.

SOMNAMBULE WONDERS.

The following case from the *Durham Chronicle*, may interest the reader, and lead him to think of dreams and dream land more highly than hitherto his wont.

"A few mornings ago, about five o'clock, one of our policemen on duty discovered a man sitting on the stairs of a house occupied by a man named Carnes in Crossgate. He was almost in a state of nudity, having nothing on but a shirt and waistcoat, and blood was flowing from a wound in his head. On being interrogated, the man stated that he had been sleeping at a public house in Silver street, which he dreamt was on fire; that he had come out of the window to save himself from the flames, and that he had left his watch and trousers under the pillow of a bed in the same house. From the condition he was in, the officer took him to the infirmary, and afterwards went to the Pleece Inn, in Silver street, and rapped up the landlord to inquire how near his story was correct. On proceeding to a room, at the top of the house in which the landlord said there was a man named Hidle sleeping, they were much surprised to find the window open, the room unoccupied, and the watch and trousers under the pillow, as the man described."

AGAIN: The special correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* tells the following curious story:

"A young and frail Scotch girl, scarcely more than a child, and beautiful as any of Walter Scott's heroines, has lately attracted the public attention in Paris by sleeping wherever she goes. Her name is Maria Walton, and her mother has brought her to Paris to try by travel to cure her of her singular malady. At the opera she no sooner takes her seat in a box than she falls to sleep, and thus remains until she is awakened, and it is while in this position that she has gained the title of "La Belle Dormeuse." While she sleeps she is said to enjoy dreams so lovely and so attractive that the awakening into the commonplace surroundings of the world displeases her, and she hastens back into dream land. At home, in a carriage, at the theatre, wherever she is left alone for a moment, she settles into a calm and sweet sleep; and with a lovely and child-like face, and dreams such as she enjoys, one can readily imagine that her face in sleep is the centre of attraction for all eyes, and that she well merits the title of "The Beautiful Sleeper." The symptoms of this case betray one of the curious forms of hysterics; and, no doubt, after time has cured her of the abominable condition in which she now finds herself, she will look back upon that period with as much fear as she now does delight.

"Aside from the diseased condition of this child's nervous system, it would be curious to know how much there is of materiality, how much of immateriality in this Swedenborgian-like communion with the land of dreams."

IS TENNYSON A SPIRITUALIST?

This question is suggested by reading the following note and extract. The writer intimates both a Spiritualist and a medium, which in our sense, is undoubtedly true, for most poets are not only *impressible*, but subject to *influence* from the higher life. But these phases of soul experience and Spiritual manifestation, are apt to be explained away in these days of metaphysical skepticism, so that we cannot predict any longer "what manner of man" a person may be from what he *writes*. Of Tennyson is this especially true, since he has asked and answered—

"But what am I?
An infant in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

For the many fine things said and sung by Tennyson, we hope we are neither insensible nor unthankful, but the experiences of life have a sudden effect at times, and prove *destructive* rather than constructive to faith, dimming the Spiritual vision while imposing silence on the "Spirit life" to make the soul "*poor*" indeed." So true is this, that Mr. Byron said of himself, might be without any propriety credited to, if not *appropriated* by me. He says:

"Oh, could I feel as I have felt,
Or be what I have been;
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O'er many a vanished scene,
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,
All brackish though they be,
So 'mid the wither'd waste of life,
Those tears would flow to me."

If however, Tennyson is a Spiritualist, we will rejoice more sincerely than ourself, but are well free to claim him, we must have "grounds more relative," for we have a horror of *grounding* myself in borrowed plumage.

We shall feel much obliged to any poet for "more light" on this question, as "*Light*" is still "*wanted*." Will H. S. C. favor us!

[For the Christian Scientist.]

NEW LONDON, Dec. 2nd.

MR. EDITOR: As a counterpoise to your article on Tennyson, under the head "INEXHAUSTIBLE WANTED," in No. 33 of the Spiritualist, I take liberty to forward you the enclosed extract from "IN MEMORIAM," by the same author! No reliance on "IN MEMORIAM" can fail to perceive the profound conviction of the truth of Spiritualism, and belief in the possibility of his own mediumship. It is also worthy of consideration that your remark on "MAD" is the language of an imaginary character; while in Memoriam is, professedly, a genuine expression of the poet's own impressions and experiences.

H. S. CONWAY.

"—dare I say
No Spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land,
Where first he walked when clasped in day!"

No ritual shade of some one lost
But he, the Spirit himself, may come,
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The Spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My Spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the mortal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within."

IS PROTESTANTISM A FAILURE?

This question although of general import to

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JANUARY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The year has lost its leaves again,
The world looks old and grim;
God folds his robe of glory thus,
That we may see but Him.

And all his stormy messengers,
That come with whirlwind breath,
Beat out our chaff of vanity,
And leave the grains of faith.

We will not feel, while summer waits
Her rich delights to share;
What sinners, miserably bad,
How weak and poor we are.

We tread through fields of speckled flowers
As if we did not know
Our Father made them beautiful,
Because he loves us so.

We hold his splendours in our hands
As if we held the dust,
And deal his judgment, as if man
Than God could be more just.

We seek, in prayers and penances,
To do the martyr's part,
Remembering not the promises
Are to the pure in heart.

From evil and forbidden things
Some good we think to win,
And to the last analysis
Experiment with sin.

We seek no oil in summer time
Our winter lamp to trim,
But strive to bring God down to us,
More than to rise to Him.

And when that he is nearest, most
Our weak complaints we raise,
Lacking the wisdom to perceive
The mystery of his ways.

For, when drawn closest to himself,
Then least his love we mark;
The very wings that shelter us
From peril, make it dark.

Sometimes he takes his hands from us,
When storms the loudest blow,
That we may learn how weak alone,
How strong in him, we grow.

Through the cross iron of our free will,
And fate, we plead for light,
As if God gave us not enough,
To do our work aright.

We will not see, but madly take
The wrong and crooked path,
And in our own hearts light the fires
Of a consuming wrath.

The fashion of his providence
Our way is so above,
We serve him most who take the most
Of his exhaustless love.

We serve him in the good we do
The blessings we embrace,
Not lighting fardel candles for
The palace of his grace.

He has no need of our poor aid
His purpose to pursue,
'Tis for our pleasure, not for his,
That we his work must do.

Not ceasing when temptations come—
'Tis right it thus should be—
If we were perfect in ourselves
What were we less than he?

Our God has made us great enough—
So great that, if we would,
Our finite powers may stretch themselves
To his infinitude.

Then blow, O wild winds, as ye list,
And let the world look grim—
God folds his robe of glory thus,
That we may see but Him.

THE CHURCH—EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL.

We do not propose to discuss the vast relations suggested by this heading, but to call the attention of the reader to the present position and condition of the Church, as described by its members and advocates.

The *Advent Herald* gives the following facts and figures from a New York correspondent, as proof of the "Religious Declaration" which characterizes the age, and says, "Alas! for those who are looking for the conversion of the world."

"In Philadelphia and Boston, it is believed at least three-fourths of the people habitually absent themselves from church, and the same may be said of New Bedford, Fall River, Lowell and Worcester. The religious denominations, too, have greatly decreased within ten years. The membership in the Baptist churches in New York City has decreased three hundred and sixty-two since 1845, although the population has increased 261,966. The Presbyterians in ten years, from 1845 to 1853, had decreased in numbers six hundred and sixty. The Methodists in the same time had lost four hundred and sixty-one, and there has been but one self-supporting Reformed Dutch church planted in this City during fifteen years. Such are some of the statistics of Spiritual declension, while, as a contrast to this picture, we have six thousand grog shops and twenty-five hundred brothels!"

If the world's redemption was solely depending on the labors of these churches, there is much in the above facts to sadden the heart and unnerve the arm—but now, as in olden times, the world is not without its angels and ministering Spirits, who, in one way or another, are seeking to make all "heirs" of glory. The need of Spiritual reform in our Churches, however, is positive, as the following extracts from a "Discourse" by the editor of *The Crisis* will prove.

He says:—"The simultaneous action of all things, in Spirit-life, gives a grandeur and completeness to every phase of church life, that throws out its states into bold relief, and gives a vivid picture of what we on earth see only in dim and disjointed fragments. We see, indeed, but little of the real condition of any thing in this outer world. Phenomena or appearances are all that strike upon the natural senses. And few men have their interior senses even so incipiently opened, as to be able to realize any conditions of life which are not, in some way, thrown out into actual ultimates. Therefore all that we see of the church is that which is presented by its outward shows, pretensions, and professions. We are ready to estimate its strength by the massive walls, and columns of its temples; and its prosperity by the number and the height of the spires which tower toward the skies. We calculate its force by the active energies, the zeal, and the numbers of its members; yet all the while, beneath the most flattering exterior, there may lie coiled up the very old serpent of self-love, gloating over a harlot-church bringing all things within his dominion.

"There are two points of vision from whence a church is being constantly viewed. By men on earth, churches are distinguished and classified as to doctrine and ritual; but by angels in heaven, these distinctions are unknown. 'Doctrinals do not serve to distinguish churches before the Lord.' This sentiment, occurring in the works of the illuminated Seer of the New Jerusalem, ought to be written in broad characters of gold over the door of every church-building in Christendom.

"The real stand-point from whence a church is

truly seen, is in the internal. And to attain this point of vision our thought must be elevated to the angelic standard, and see the things of the church as angels see them. It is most strange, that the man of the church should content himself with outside progress and demonstrations; without, at the same time, regarding the aspect of the heavens towards him. He knows, indeed, that all true life comes from above; and yet he resolutely shuts his eyes to this upward source, and is content to glory in the good estimation and reputation of the world, and the numbers who flock around his standard of faith and worship. Or if he cast a glance upward, it is so timid and fearful, or so veiled over with self-esteem, that he catches only the very faintest glimmerings of that heavenly light, which, when fully and honestly met, opens up the interior state of all who come under its searching rays.

"It is, I say, strange that the man of the church should thus sink away, or blindfold his eyes to that light into which he knows he must come at last. Judgment is preached, sabbath after sabbath, from the desks of all Christian churches, but they all agree to put off that day of reckoning to the remotest period. But in this new age of the world, judgment will be a present work; every thing will be now, because it is *state*, and not time, that determines all things of the Spiritual condition of man. As the heavens become opened, and angelic vision penetrates the real condition of the church, the astonishment of the angels will reach the most interior minds on earth; and a re-action be brought about, that shall draw all men's eyes towards their real interior condition.

"In trumpet tones of no measured power, do the forces of the invisible world now herald forth the Spirit-stirring truths of Spirit life. On every side, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are heard the voices of departed men, and women, and children, telling of their pilgrimages and homes in the Spirit-world. Yet even these voices meet a deaf ear in the churches, showing how utterly alien to heaven is their interior condition. No glad-leaping hearts within the sanctuary, welcome the glad tidings of Spirit-visitations; but, fearful and unbelieving, the very church turns her back upon the approaches of her Lord, because He comes not in the way and manner in which her own vain conceit had expected. And what think you, my friends, must be the utter astonishment of heaven at such determined self-murder by the church! For surely the church murders herself, and crucifies afresh her Lord, by every wanton thrust against the opening day-spring from on High, now greeting the abodes of men on earth. For however perverted may be the manifestations of Spiritual intercourse, yet their origin is undoubtedly from a heavenly source, and they are the precursors and harbingers of a new life coming into the church, when angels will again walk with men, and the Lord himself dwell in their midst.

"However astonished might have been the angels at the ignorance and blindness of men in the days of Swedenborg, that cause of silent wonder will not exist much longer. The nature of the resurrection—of the Spiritual world and its inhabitants, are becoming common, every-day themes of disclosure, discourse, conversation and experience. But as 'Alps on Alps arise,' so wonders will never cease. Now that knowledge is given to men of their celestial immortality, and of their eternal homes, the wonder is that they live so far away from their knowledge. That there is cause for silence in heaven during many a half-hour, who can doubt when they look at the pursuits, the follies, the crimes of the world! Many are the eyes now opened, through which angelic vision may peer into the concerns of this outer world. And they can mark the sanctimonious faces, and the measured gait, and the solemn aspects of outward worship; and at the same time their interior vision will disclose the hollow heart, and the skeptical intellect scoffing at the very things, which, in appearance, they hold sacred. Few, indeed, have any worship in their hearts, in these days of intellectual warfare. The struggle for subsistence or distinction—for bread or for ambition is too intense to admit a deep sense of religious principle. Hence men regard the things of this world as constituting their real business; while the things of eternity serve only for a passing hour, to be listened to as a relaxation from the severe toils of every-day life. Men come to church, not with hearts overflowing with praise to the Great Creator, but with itching ears desiring to be tickled with eloquent discourse, or to hear something soothing to their pride, and to mark the numbers and standing of their fellow-worshippers. They ask not for the plain home-truth truth, but they say, 'Prophecy to us smooth things, prophecy deceit.' They come to the house of God for entertainment—an intellectual feast, and not a flow of soul unitedly rising up in single-hearted adoration to the Universal Father. Oh, who does not see that religion is the exceptional mood of this generation? Their instincts and proclivities all cluster around their own selfhood, and their worldly standing and reputation. Who is not conscious, in his honest self-examination, of a decided leaning towards the outer, while the inner life is but as a dream or a passing shadow—well enough to talk about at times, as we tell children fairy tales, but yet too airy and unsubstantial for the actual business of men? And, think you, the angels are blind to these things? I tell you nay. As in Swedenborg's time they gazed in silent wonder at the ignorance and brutality of the masses, even so now, they look on in mute astonishment, upon our worshiping congregations. They read, so far as the Lord permits, the thoughts and feelings of the assembled multitude; and although their own feelings would lead them to look out for every indication of goodness, and to fan into flame every incipient aspiration of piety; yet in the passing judgment which now are visiting the church, the evils as well as the goods of the entire body are laid bare, and neither angel nor Spirit can avoid seeing the exposure.

"My friends, does not the thought startle you, that at this moment there are hosts of Spiritual beings in this house, all in some degree or other connected with your Spirits? A good share of them may be your immediate associate and guardian Spirits, who just go with you and feel as you feel, and think as you think; but there are others who explore, and who seek to lead your thoughts into an exploration also. These see and know what you are now thinking about—they read the secret accents of your thoughts, and note the beatings of your secret feelings; and if you are intent upon learning the truth that you may do the truth, they strive to hold you in that state, and they follow you out into the world, and make the words you have listened to ring again and again in your ears until they become fixtures in your memory and understanding. From thence they preach to you day and night, and thus there are processes going on, by which the present evils of the race may be overcome, and joy in heaven over a redeemed world take the place of astonished silence.

"This astonishment and this silence in heaven are given for an end. Judgment is not for the sake of exposure or punishment, but for the sake of reformation and regeneration. Evils are laid bare that they may be known and avoided. Therefore, although, in the Book of Revelations, silence reigned for a brief space at the opening of the seals, yet glorifications and rejoicings of the heavens succeeded, as each new operation brought out new thought and new life upon earth. The heavens are continually telling us truths new to the dull ears of earth, but this is only that a new heart may be given in place of the cold, stony apology for a heart, that dwelleth in our present palsied and withering semblance of a church.

"And so we, in tracing out and depicting, in unmeasured terms, the evils of our own hearts and lives, would not be ever croaking over the dark side of the picture. Neither would we fear to overdraw the picture. There is no fear but that each one who hears will moderate and modulate the sounds and colors, so as to make them blend into some sort of harmony with his own tastes and conceits. But croaking is not our business—it is simply the shadows of life which must be sharply drawn, to throw into bolder relief the glories of a higher and a coming state. The divine prophecies thus ever rise from the dark shades of earth to the bright sunbeams of heaven; and the weeping strains of Jeremiah, and the pathetic denunciations of Isaiah, are but the prelude to a song of joy and triumph, as the glories of the future age burst upon their enraptured vision. And so, too, with the last of the prophets—John in the Revelations—the whole series of woe and calamity and desolation terminates in joyful deliverance, until the New Jerusalem itself descends, as a bride adorned for her husband.

"Who then shall say, that all the states through which the Christian church has been led, may not be useful links in the progress of the race? Who shall say, but that men must pass through the toy-like church—playing the pastimes of children, before they can be brought to be real churches in themselves? Who shall say that Religion must not become the exceptional, before it can become the permanent mood of the world? Life is gained by experience, and experience by effort, toil and difficulty. Eternal life is a gift dependent on our love; and how can this love or life be given but as we gather it to ourselves—thinking, feeling and acting as from ourselves? And so we bring up before us the vivid pictures of life and death, that so the one may be avoided and the other cherished.

"And, therefore, Spirits and angels now occupy the foremost place in the Spiritual novitiate's vision. And well will it be for the world, if now there should be a realization of their constant presence and supervision over us. Then we shall not rest content with being outwardly seen and appreciated, but we shall ask, at every turn and phase of action, how will the angels view this? We should transmute the poet's desire,—

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

into

To see ourselves as th' angels see us.

O, my friends, since it must come to this at last, and the seals will be loosed, and the book of every man's life be read in open daylight before the Lord and his holy angels, why look we outward and serve the ends of Mammon, which are all vain and perishing. Rather let us with a single eye look towards our real life in the heavens—beware lest we cause silence and sadness in angelic bosoms by our false and evil courses, and seek above all things to do our Heavenly Father's will, that His name may be glorified on earth, while joyful hallelujahs resound through all the heavens."

From the Boston Post.

FACTS & MARVELS FOR THE SKEPTICAL.

The relations by our correspondent W., relative to "table moving" are wonderful. He is a reliable witness—one whose evidence would pass unimpeached in a case of life or death.

It was about ten minutes past seven o'clock on Friday evening, December 7, 1855, that a party of ten were admitted into the house of a much respected merchant in the city of Boston, for the purpose of witnessing certain strange phenomena alleged to occur there. The medium, in this case, was a young man under twenty years of age. In the chamber where we were invited, were chairs, a sofa, a bed, a wardrobe, a looking-glass, etc. It was ten feet high. A round table, weighing about forty or fifty pounds, stood in the room. Around this we were seated. The medium took a gold watch, suspended it by the chain from his right hand, closely enveloped that hand in a handkerchief to prevent the play of his fingers and thumb, held it under the table, and requested the Spirit present to open the watch, remove the cap, shut it, and notify by a rap when ready for examination. This was all done. By another request the cap was taken from a silver watch of one of the party, and was not to be found. By request it dropped upon the table. The gold watch was passed from hand to hand under the table many times.

The room was now darkened, and the following occurred. The table was forcibly drawn up to the ceiling, leaving the dents of its legs in the plastering. It was drawn, legs downward, so that it perceptibly adhered to the ceiling, and then came thundering down with some of the plaster dust upon its surface. It was raised some twelve or fourteen inches from the floor, while all had their hands upon the upper surface. While six of our number strove to hold it down with main force, it was violently wrenched from our grasp, and thrown some six or eight feet upon the bed. The medium was lifted bodily from the floor, at various distances, while we held him by the hand. He was lifted bodily from the floor, and made to stand upon the centre of the table; and again, stretched upon his back thereon. Being seated in his chair very near the table, his chair was elevated several inches from the floor, while we had our hands on its back. It hopped about the room like a frog; and when it was at a proper angular distance from the table, (the medium yet seated), it was suddenly transferred, leaving the medium with it, upon the table. He was sitting as composedly as if nothing had happened. It was drawn up so high from the table that the medium's head bumped against the ceiling. It was then thrown upon the floor, and the medium was hurled upon the bed at the same time.

A leg of the table which was slightly loose when we began the session, was suddenly wrenched off and hurled upon the bed as useless. Now came on a heavier table, one of mahogany, weighing ninety pounds. We stood at the side of the medium successively, took hold of this table with him, and felt it begin to move about until it had obtained a fair equilibrium. Its farther legs were then lifted, and the table itself was gently turned topsy-turvy, rising some distance above us, and then settled down upon our heads, resting thereon as lightly as a feather pillow. Three of us found it a difficult and awkward job to perform this feat at all; that is, to place it upon the heads of two others, stationed at

its opposite side, without pressing their crania pretty sensibly. This table was also tossed about, pitched over, raised to the wall, and upon the bed, etc., with as much apparent ease as the other.

Occasionally a pillow would be thrown from the bed at some one of the company, while all stood in a circle with joined hands.

Every one in the room was touched by an unknown hand. An unknown face was sometimes brought in contact with some of us. Others were pinched. By request they began to touch us more forcibly. We now, two by two, shifted our position in the circle, so that one could hold each hand of the medium, and thereby experience more sensible demonstrations. One of the number was designated to take his turn, by the throw of a pillow at his head. While waiting for a touch, it was remarked that a kind of fanning in the face was unmistakably applied by an unknown power. It was a cool current of air. Directly upon this, something like a heavy arm or leg, as of some entity floating over us, quite heavily grazed our heads, brushing all our hair aside; in other words, throwing it all in a heap; and while one of the party was striving to explain how it was, and to describe its manner, he was slapped upon the forehead so smartly that every one in the room heard the spank. It would have been considered a sound one in a nursery. The fingers of this hand were distinctly felt. The tips were downward, as if from some one over head. The blow was quick, and somewhat slanted toward the left side of the person first struck. The second blow was almost immediate, and applied to a person at the first one's left. He was also struck upon the forehead. One finger projected over the eyebrow, and one was felt on the upper part of the eyelid. It was a small hand, with delicate but very nimble fingers. The sensation, or the smart, was felt for fifteen or twenty minutes after the slap. Others were slapped. One received a pretty round blow on the back of the neck. Another had it on his cheek, and so on.

We again surrounded the table. A half sheet of paper with a pencil upon it, was held under the table by one hand of the medium, the other hand being upon its surface with the rest of ours. Several sentences were written in this way by the pencil. The paper was shaken quite severely, as if seized by a Newfoundland dog. The pencil was also made to rap upon the under side of the table. These experiments were repeated several times with success.

As it was approaching ten o'clock, we started for the door; but, being invited into the parlor to witness an experiment or two on the piano, we entered the room, and the medium, while standing upon the floor, played several tunes, the piano rising and falling a few inches, and keeping excellent time with the music by its legs. Tunes were then played with the *Æolian* attachment, and the medium yet standing upon the floor at arm's length from the piano, and not touching the pedal of the instrument. Again, while his fingers were running merrily over the keys, the piano became suddenly mute; not a sound was heard. By request its music was resumed as before. Finally, each of the party was bid "Good night"—his name being rapped upon the piano case to the number of its syllables—and we left the house about a quarter past ten.

All this was done promptly, to the entire satisfaction of every one present. Not a single request was refused; no hesitancy was evinced; not an error was committed. It was at a private residence; no fee of admission; and in the presence of ten persons, exclusive of the gentleman of the house and of the medium. Eight of these were skeptics, but were fully convinced before they left. It was executed inside three hours. We leave comments for our readers to make as they please. We state sober facts.

From the N. E. Spiritualist.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN CONVINCED.

Rev. H. P. Osgood, well known as a clergyman of the Universalist denomination in Maine, publishes in the last *Gospel Banner* a full avowal of his belief in Spirit-communication, having been himself a medium for several months. A brief acquaintance with Mr. Osgood has impressed us that he is a clear-headed, cool and cautious investigator, with a mind well disciplined and well stored, and a heart in the right place. He cannot fail of becoming an able advocate of Spiritualism in its more rational and religious phase.

The editor of the *Banner* is, of course, very "sorry" that his Br. Osgood has got a new idea, or learned a new fact, and mourns lugubriously over the fearful inroads which the advancing light is making upon the precious interests of the denomination. We quote:

"The Athenian tendency to 'new things' has ever been a wonder curse of our ministry. Every nine days' wonder winsnows, and sweeps away a portion of us. Biology, Theology, Magnetism, Mesmerism, or by whatever name it should be called, has already slain its thousands, and we know not but under its new development it will carry off its tens of thousands."

This frank confession may be taken as a compliment either to the power of truth, or the weakness of "our ministry"—it matters little to us which. "The curse," however, it strikes us, will sound a little oddly to such of the editor's denominational brethren as remember the markedly progressive tendencies of himself, previously to his obtaining a comfortable situation as conductor of a denominational paper. How circumstances do alter cases!

The editor, moreover, takes special pains to assure his readers of his own entire unbelief in modern Spiritualism, and in so doing sufficiently exposes his want of acquaintance with its facts. He says:

"We have never seen or heard of any well authenticated facts to which the odic theory of Reichenbach—or the old fashioned clairvoyance does not present the key of explanation, as merely physical phenomena."

He should know that Reichenbach has never put forth any theory in regard to the Spiritual manifestations; nor any theory which pretends to account for the movement of ponderous physical substances by means of odyle. His "od" is quite another article from that imagined by Prest. Mahan and others, as any one will see by reading his own account of it. Are there no "well-authenticated facts" relating to such movements? Or will "old-fashioned clairvoyance" lift five hundred weight, create tangible hands, feet, and bodies, play on musical instruments, write sensible messages without the use of human hands, and perform various other "physical phenomena," all the while claiming to be a departed Spirit? Where is it laid down in the books that "old-fashioned clairvoyance" possessed any such powers?

But we will not detain the reader from Mr. Osgood's lucid statement:

DEAR BANNER: It is known to some of your readers with whom I have personally conversed, that I am interested, and believe in the phenomena called "Spiritual manifestations." I believe not only that the phenomena are veritable, not caused by trick or deception, but are produced, as they

invariably purport to be, by the agency of Spirits that once, in mortal form, were dwellers upon the earth. I make this avowal frankly and deliberately, after a long and most patient investigation of the evidences upon which this belief is founded; and I am confident that all, or nearly all, who have had an interest and a patience to investigate calmly and dispassionately, have adopted the same conclusion that I have. Men of eminent scientific attainments, whose mental discipline peculiarly fits them for the investigation, and who entered upon it with a confident expectation of being able to explode the "humbug," as it was denominated, have been irresistibly compelled to accept the Spiritual hypothesis. Even Dr. Rogers, who has written the ablest work that has yet been produced, to disprove the Spiritual agency of the phenomena, now admits that the higher phases of Spiritualism must be attributed to the agency of Spirits that have left the mortal form.—And I am informed, by the most credible authority, that, since Dr. Bell wrote his luminous exposition of the subject, his observation of the phenomena has been so extended, that he declares he had never before conceived of one title of what he has more recently witnessed, and that his ability adequately to understand what he has seen is utterly baffled. I might mention a Professor of one of our New England Colleges, whose name is not unknown to fame, as a devoted believer in modern Spiritualism.

Some of my friends may deem it unwise in me, in the present state of the public mind, in relation to this subject, to make this public statement; but I always prefer to be guided by the dictates of duty, rather than those of expediency. I never interrogate the signs of the times, and await an answer, as an indication of what it is proper for me to say or do. Public opinion is no authority for me in matters of faith or practice, especially the opinion of that respectable majority of the public who never aspire to become acquainted with any influences, ostensible or occult, that do not have a tendency to advance the price of stocks, or in some way to facilitate the operation of money-making. Such persons ignore all Spiritual influences, because, forsooth, they cannot see what profit can accrue therefrom. I doubt if they would not even question the existence of electricity if it could not be made available to the enhancement of their material interests. There are, however, those who realize that they have a Spiritual nature, and have faith in the intangible and unseen; who, in fact, believe with the apostle, that, "the things that are unseen are eternal," who have not condescended to look into this subject, that is so near the hearts of the mourning and sorrowful, and that has created for many, whose minds have hitherto been enshrouded in the darkness of materialism, a new earth on which they walk with joyous steps, and a new heaven to which their Spirits aspire, in the fullness of confidence and hope. Some of these stigmatize the phenomena as did a dear friend of the writer a few days ago who confessedly knows nothing of the subject, as "Spiritual nonsense." I prefer rather to take the result of my own investigations, what I have seen, and heard, and felt, as conclusive, in this matter, than the opinion of that class who are so immersed in material pursuits as to have little faith in any thing Spiritual, or of that other class, who conceive themselves already so far elevated above the disturbing influences of doubt, as to feel no need of any further confirmation of their faith, and who having no other knowledge of the phenomena than what Madame Rumer has wafted to their ears, regard them with contempt as Spiritual nonsense.

I began to look into this subject some four or five years since, unbiassed by prejudice, and with a sincere desire to know what was truth, and with no fear of the consequences that would result from knowing the truth. I have read everything of value, as throwing any light upon the subject, both pro and con; and both as a medium and an observer of manifestations through other media, have seen wonderful exhibitions of Spiritual power and intelligence. Notwithstanding I was several months since convinced that the phenomena were mostly attributable to a Spiritual agency, that I might not, by any possibility, be instrumental in deceiving others, I have waited till evidence has accumulated upon evidence, test upon test, confirmation upon confirmation, before making a public avowal of my belief in the great fact, that Spirits do, in a sensible and unmistakable manner, manifest themselves to mortals. And now, as a matter of duty to my friends who may regard my opinion as worth anything, and may thereby be incited to investigation for themselves, and not to court the unenviable notoriety which attaches to an avowed belief in this modern heresy, do I make this statement. I humbly accept, however, all the responsibility and all the opprobrium that may be a concomitant of this confession; and if any regard my humble self as "lost to the ministry on account of Spiritualism," as has been said of some other ministers, whose minds have been illumined by the light from the Spirit-world; then to have one's Spiritual perceptions quickened; his conceptions of Spiritual reality expanded; to recognize constantly increasing obligations to a more holy and divine life; to aspire to that constant companionship and communion with the immortals, which shall purify one from all taint of sensualism and sin; to come unto mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels and the Spirits of just men made perfect—the prerogative of the ministry and the Church, and to endeavor to lead others thither; to covet earnestly the best gifts of the Spirit, and to feel a divine affluence in prayer, and praise, in supplication and thanksgiving; then this it is to be lost to the ministry. For myself, however, only await increasing health and strength, to devote my energies with increased efficiency and power, to the work which I early adopted as nearest to my heart than all others; and if lost to the ministry, (no serious loss, as I intensely feel), on account of ill health, as it is quite probable I may be, I hope never to be lost to goodness, truth, and Spiritual life.

H. P. OSGOOD.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE DISOBEYANT SON.

THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

As the following communication outlines the history and reveals the consequences of disobedience, it may be wisdom to accept the lesson, and profit by its suggestions at the commencement of the new year, since it has been long obvious to good sense, and is here seconded by the teachings of the Spirit, that only the good and pure can "inherit the kingdom of heaven."—Editor Ch. Sp.

The lesson which I am sent to give to-night, is to warn children of the great unhappiness they create for themselves by disobeying the commands of good parents.

The infinite Father in his goodness gave me kind and loving parents, who anticipated my every wish almost before it was formed in my own mind, and all that could render me happy was freely given, with fondness and affection ever flowing out to wrap me in its warm embrace. As I increased in years and my character became developed as an individual, I was strangely perverse in my imaginings, wishing to do every thing contrary to that which my parents thought right, wishing them to throw aside their will and be guided by the dictates of mine. I soon took the reins of government into my own hands, and wildly rushed into every excess of folly and recklessness. And when those who loved me so fondly would strive to counsel and advise me, I turned a deaf ear. I heeded not their words, nor would I be guided or moved by

their prayers. My nature was stubborn, my will firm, and I often look back with astonishment, and wonder how I could have been so cold, so lost to every feeling of love as to refuse the loving admonitions and warnings of those dear parents.

They died grieving for me, sorrowing because of the path I had chosen, and their last prayers were that God would turn the heart of their wandering son from the paths of error and folly into the ways of righteousness and peace. O! that I had heeded the voice of the good Spirit who was quietly compelling me to forsake the wrong and follow the right. But I crushed down every good feeling which was springing up within me, and rushed still deeper, and still more madly into the vortex which was drawing me down to my final destruction. My career was suddenly brought to a close, and I entered the Spirit-world with a fever of passion in my heart and the seal of degradation and infamy on my brow. My years had been few in this, your world, but how unprofitably had they been spent! I had checked the rising impulse of goodness within my soul while I was yet young and tender in years. I had fostered my own bad passions, I had followed the road which led me into more errors and worse companionship than even my own ungrateful heart.

Yes, I had done all this, while prayers and entreaties and counsels gentle and kind were daily being breathed into my ears. The hearts of men are differently constituted, some may be led by gentleness and love, while others will trample upon such feelings, and require to be curbed by a strong will and firm determination. But all minds, as soon as they are capable of judging or reasoning for themselves, are guided by the instincts which are most prominent in their character. Thus are all intelligent beings made accountable for the deeds done while in the body, according to the amount of intelligence, or development to which they have attained, only the motives of the heart being looked at as the criterion of judgment as regards their position in the next sphere. Thus, I, my friends, possessed mental advantages full soon, to expand my reasoning faculties, even had they been of the most unimpaired character; so that I had not ignorance to plead, nor want of advantages for acquiring knowledge, and therefore, my sin was the greater. I had not been content upon the world homeless and friendless, loneless or motherless, but I had been cared for, and had known how much it was in my power to become great and good; I was to be a benefit to others and use the blessings of my idle companions. I had sinned with my eyes open. My heart knew full well its wickedness. And I now stood in the Spirit-world, with all this knowledge rising up before me, confronting me as a mighty mountain which every moment grew greater in magnitude, as I gazed upon it, as I thought upon my past life, and threatening to crush me by its immensity. O! I would gladly have changed places then with the poorest wretch that my eyes ever beheld. I would have hid myself, I could not have found a hiding place. But there was no hiding place for me. I stood there exposed in all my moral deformity of soul and character. I stood guilty and cowering, trembling in every limb, my Spirit wishing to shrink within itself, anywhere that it might be out of sight. O, friends, when we sin with a knowledge that we are sinning, how much more terrible is the guilt that rests upon us.

And you ask, perhaps, who did I see? Directly I saw many. I saw many happy, joyous faces, they came not near me; they shunned me, for I was a dark, loathsome thing. They had no sympathy for me. And I saw some with unhappy looks, with dissatisfaction painted upon their countenances. I wanted not to have any affinity with these, but they resembled me more, and I felt that if I mingled with any, it must be with them. O how many bright, intellectual faces which I had known on earth as stars in a constellation of brightness, and to whom many had bowed and paid homage because of their glorious outbursts of genius. I now saw walking with downcast head and humble mien among those Spirits. Their position had reached no higher than earth, and they could not be rewarded there. Their aspirations ascended not to Heaven. They lived only for the present, nor labored for the future, and now they take their places among the discontented and the miserable, and there may remain until the shadows of former lives have been entirely removed from their souls, and they are willing to begin their second probation, as humbly and dependently as the ignorant soul who enters that sphere.

My heart grew sad and mournful. I had been the struggles between myself and the human thoughts that were now gaining the ascendancy. My pride was still strong within me, or rather strength of my own stubborn nature. I could think of descending, of mingling with those whom I was surrounded, for whom I felt no compassion, shame and detestation. I wished to see my dear parents. Oh! how I wished my innermost soul I could gain some intelligent them! I knew they must be far distant from habitation. I spoke of my desire to a Spirit who was directed to ask one of those white-robed, angelic beings, whom I saw standing in the distance, and there many were ever ready and willing to come near us and give us instruction and wisdom, but they came not to my father. I asked one of these Spirits to tell me of my parents. He pointed up—up so high that my eyes could follow only a little distance, for the light was exceedingly bright that it blinded my vision. He told me that my parents had gone to their rest—that I had constantly repelled them from me. Spirits were released from their bodies. He told me of my love, and their sorrow, and their love over my course of life. He told me I had led them down near earth, and made them unhappy, and when all their efforts had been unavailing to turn me, they had turned away with sadness, and left to enter the heaven prepared for their rest.

And now, upon my bended knees, I begged that I might behold them, if only for a moment. The Spirit shook his head, and in a solemn voice exclaimed: "You may see them, but you must come near us and give us instruction and wisdom, but they came not to my father. I asked one of these Spirits to tell me of my parents. He pointed up—up so high that my eyes could follow only a little distance, for the light was exceedingly bright that it blinded my vision. He told me that my parents had gone to their rest—that I had constantly repelled them from me. Spirits were released from their bodies. He told me of my love, and their sorrow, and their love over my course of life. He told me I had led them down near earth, and made them unhappy, and when all their efforts had been unavailing to turn me, they had turned away with sadness, and left to enter the heaven prepared for their rest."

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